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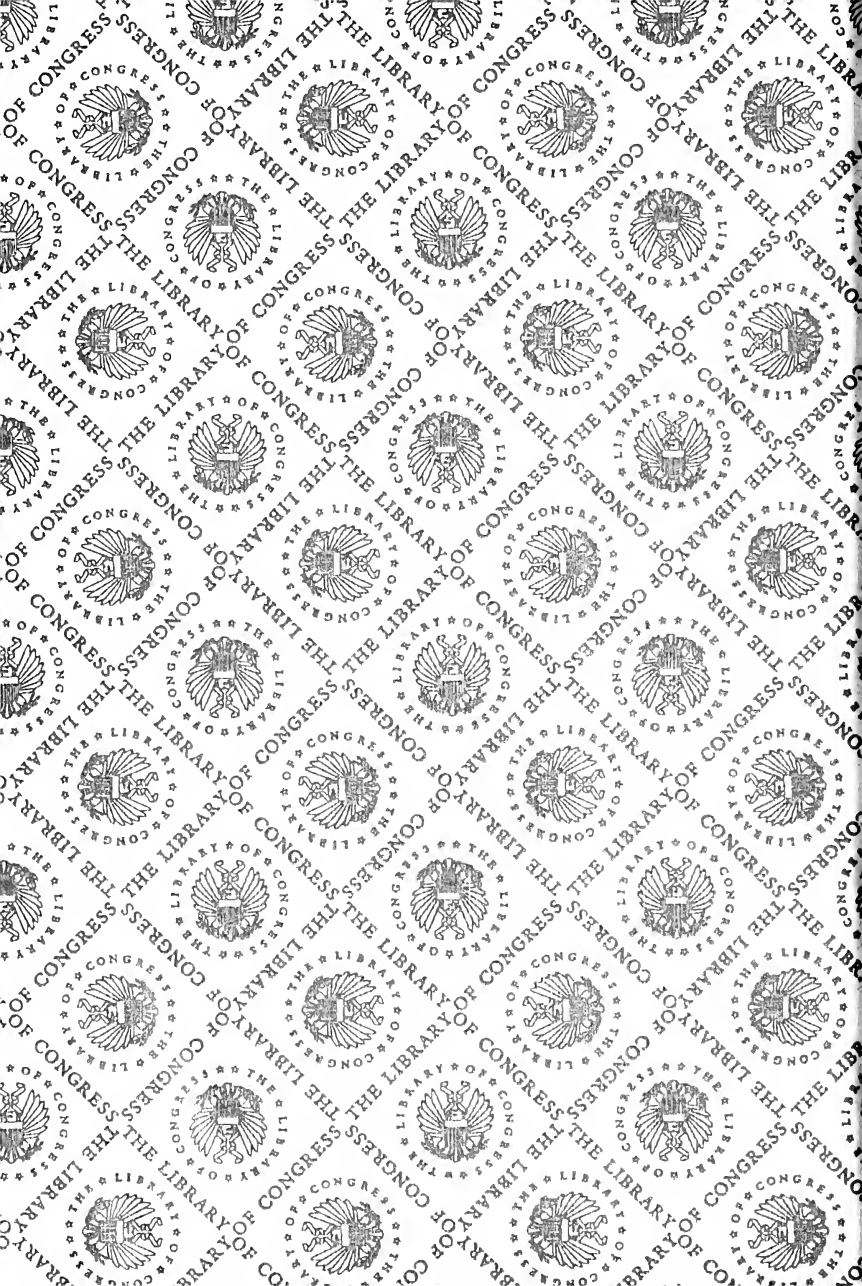
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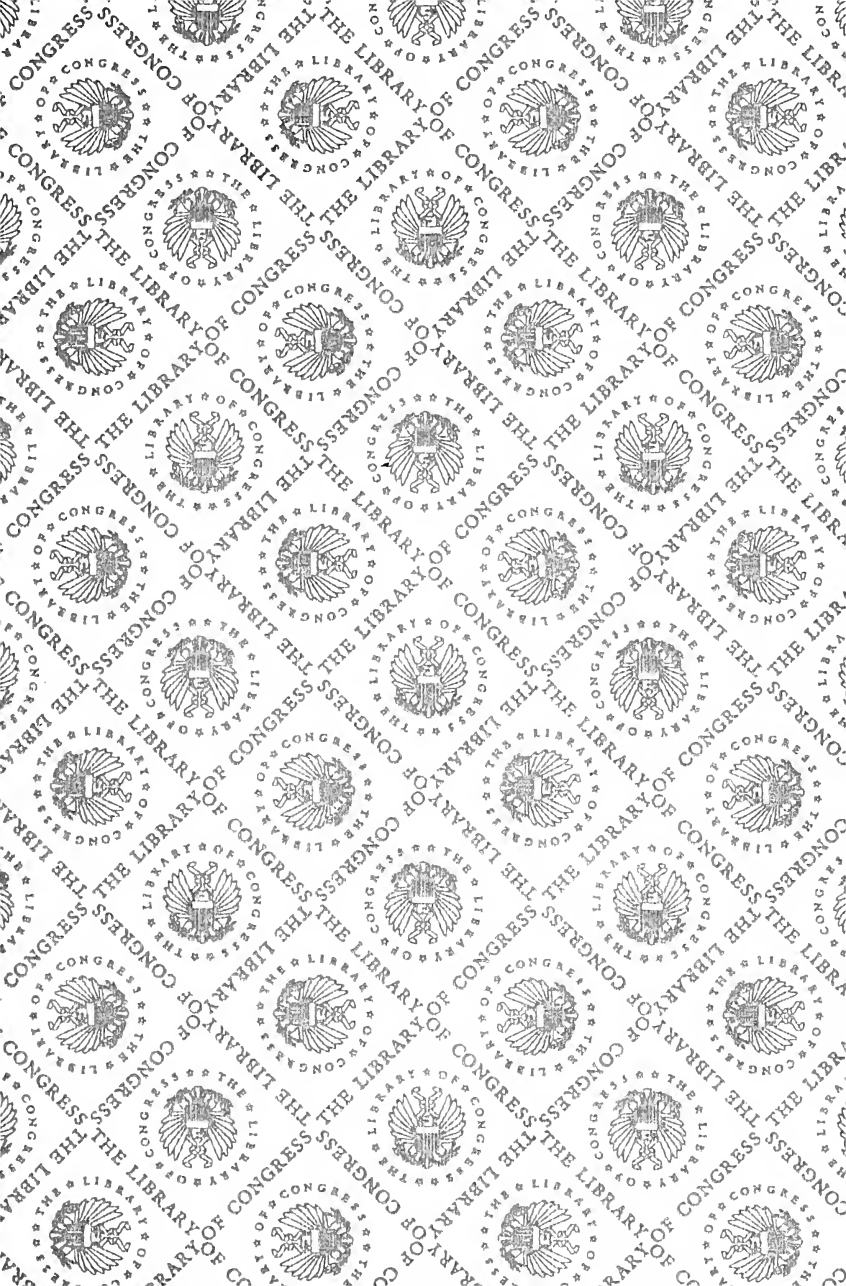
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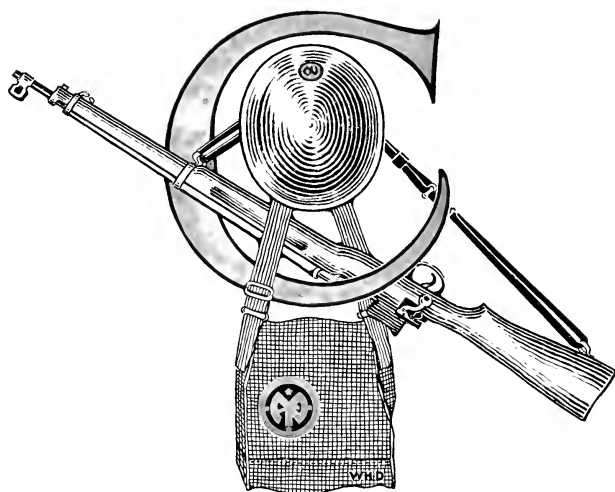




HISTORY *of*
COMPANY C

1917

1919



Company C. History
102nd Ammunition Train
AMERICAN EX. FORCES



CAPTAIN ALSON SHANTZ

The History
of
Company C
102nd AMMUNITION TRAIN



American Expeditionary Forces
1917-1918-1919



PUBLISHED BY THE COMPANY
1919

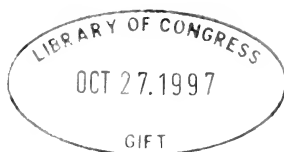
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THE QUAD AT THE FRONT



At a meeting of Company C, held at Montsurs, France, on January 5, 1919, it was voted that a history of the Company be prepared and published. It was decided to use the Company funds for the purpose. The undertaking from the beginning has had the helpful co-operation and approval of the Captain. Walter H. Derry, the artist member of the Company, drew the artistic cover designs and other sketches for the history. Albert D. Osborn was elected editor.

The following members have made contributions:

Captain Alson Shantz, Charles P. Connors, George H. Heath, Lyle L. Hardman, Kent E. Mendell, Harold W. Church, Sylvester G. Shafer, Albert W. White, Cyril E. Cochran, Percy Hopwood, Ransford W. Furbeck, Albert D. Osborn.

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COMPANY "C"

102nd AMMUNITION TRAIN, 27th DIVISION, U. S. A.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

IT is a matter of great pride to me to be the one to write a foreword for a history of Company C, 102d Ammunition Train, 27th Division, American Expeditionary Forces. You can find four reasons for being proud in the four parts of our name.

American Expeditionary Forces.—Two million have had the honor of using this as part of their temporary address. What they did in 1918 our grandchildren will know as well as we, or even better in the light of great events of history which are taking place as we go back to our homes and civil duties.

27th Division.—This marks us as a part of one of the most powerful fighting units of this war. Though we were not with the infantry of our division, the record of our artillery shows such splendid work and wonderful efficiency that we regret that our friends in our own infantry could not have the benefit of its support.

102d Ammunition Train.—Organized as part of the New York National Guard and recruited from men selected for knowledge of motor mechanics and from experienced chauffeurs, the excellent quality of the unit made a strong nucleus around which an efficient train was built when it was reorganized for service in the A. E. F.

HISTORY OF COMPANY C

Company C.—It is my particular pride to have been in command of this Company from its reorganization in October, 1917, to the day we bid good-bye to the army. The two companies of specially trained men which were united to make the new Company C, and the high grade of men we have had the good fortune to have our ranks filled up with, has made it an easy task to have a company with a most flattering record. Courts-martial have been strangers to us and the necessity for punishments few. Our men have taken pride in pulling together and doing their tasks well. There has always been a willing response to every call and a ready performance of every duty, whether it was difficult, tiresome or dangerous.

I am proud to have been in command of Company C. I am proud of its splendid record, both in camp and our eight hard weeks under fire on the front, and of the clean record of the individual men. If every man goes home with the consciousness that his duty has been well done, and that he has fought free from the evils that beset the soldier's path, then I shall feel that my work of these two war years has been a success.

CAPTAIN ALSON SHANTZ,
Commanding Officer Company C.



CAPTAIN ERNEST V. MONCRIEFF



CAPTAIN ARTHUR W. BEALE



CORPORAL GEORGE BANNING

In Memoriam

GEORGE BANNING, of Rochester, one of the best members of our company, was taken sick in Brest as we were starting on our ocean trip home, and died the night before we arrived in New York Harbor. The sad event cast a deep shadow over our homecoming. George Banning was highly respected by all and died a soldier's death. His memory will long be cherished by Company C.

CARL GLASS, of Syracuse, was obliged to leave us at Bar-le-Duc on account of serious illness, and soon afterwards we received the sad news of his death, which came as a great shock to the company. He was one of the older members and was admired and liked by all the men. He will long be remembered by his many friends.

THE BEGINNINGS

ORGANIZATION OF COMPANY 5, AFTERWARDS MERGED INTO COMPANY C

On or about July 15, 1917, the Buffalo papers came out with an article entitled, "Enlist in the Ammunition Train. Everybody Rides." About forty Buffalo boys left the meals mother cooks to eat with Uncle Sam at the first dinner of hash and beans. Our first night was spent in the Armory at Syracuse. (It was here we were introduced to blue blankets, canvas cots and tanbark).

Here Company 5, under the good leadership of Lieutenant Moncrieff, put in the rest of their stay, drilling in the parks, and soon were changed from rookies to semi-soldiers. In early August we left Syracuse for Messina Springs, where we pitched our first camp of squad tents. Our drill periods here were eased up by trips to the canal.

After a hot, dusty hike back to Syracuse and a far from restful trip by train, we pulled into Pelham Bay Park on August 24, 1917. Once more we had the same old drills, but this time they were brightened by Kane's and the Beach; as well as "beaucoup" nightly passes to New York.

We well remember the Farewell Review (especially the double time) and the big turkey dinner given us during our last days in old New York State. On September 6 we broke camp and boarded a boat headed down the river, where we got our last look at old New York State. At Jersey City we formed a column of twos and climbed aboard "tourist sleepers" (*pas 40 hommes 8 chevaux*) for a sixty-hour ride to Sunny Carolina. We landed at Fair

HISTORY OF COMPANY C

Forest, S. C., and after a light (very) breakfast, hiked through the sand to the historic spot which is now better known as Camp Wadsworth.

Here we had our tryout as cotton pickers, lawn graders, and road builders. After what seemed to us an enormous amount of unnecessary labor, this sand heap was transformed into a paradise for soldiers, which was to be our home for ten months. At this time our real training began. We then learned the song, "Squads right, squads left," with many, many tiresome encores.

At dawn of October 18, 1917, the final words for Company 5, 102d Ammunition Train, were said. At the same time a new company and a happier one was born; good-bye Company 5, welcome Company C.

ORGANIZATION OF COMPANY 6

AFTERWARDS MERGED INTO COMPANY C

June 23, 1917, old Company 6, fifty strong, boarded the "Empire" at Rochester for Syracuse to take the final physical examination and be mustered into Federal Service. The arrival at the Armory late in the afternoon was followed by our first army "mess" that night in the stables. The unusual dining room did not, however, take the keen edge off our appetites for we were as hungry as bears and devoured our frugal meal of beans and bacon, then rushed off to the drill hall to be mustered into Federal Service.

That night we slept in the drill hall. Did I say slept? We "spent the night" in the drill hall with our neighbors from Buffalo, Utica, and Syracuse, but we did not sleep—not that night! The next morning we had our physical test, and that afternoon found us on our way to Rochester on a chartered R. & E. furnished through the kindness of the Syracusians.

The next two months we did "squads east" and "squads west," "on the right-left," "into line," and so forth. On August 11 we bade farewell to the Flower City and entrained for Messina Springs, our first camp. Here we got our first shot in the arm, did our first guard duty, and drew our first pay. Dips in the raging Erie were not infrequent occurrences, but hikes and drills were more frequent.

Our training at Messina Springs ended August 22, when orders came to move to Pelham Bay. The next night found us on our way across the State for Pelham. Upon our arrival we found the six companies recruited in New York City and the Third Infantry there. We set to work and in a short time our camp was completed and

HISTORY OF COMPANY C

we were back again at close order drill, physical torture, hiking, and so on. However, we had plenty of recreation, the majority of our free time was spent at the Bay. We also had plenty of time and opportunity to visit New York and nearly every night the greater part of our company was on pass, either to New York or Brooklyn. Our stay in Pelham was in reality a short period of recreation. Good food, ice cream, Kane's milk, and just enough training to keep us in a healthy condition.

On the morning of August 30, 1917, we left camp to take part in the "Farewell Parade" of the 27th Division. What a parade it was! Throngs of people lined the streets the entire length of Fifth Avenue from 110th Street to Washington Square, cheering themselves hoarse, waving flags and banners, and bombarding us with candy, chewing gum, and all kinds of fruit, cigars and cigarettes. We reached the end of the march at Washington Square late in the afternoon, tired but happy. After a little lunch we boarded the elevated line and were soon back in camp to rest up for the trip to the training camp in the South.

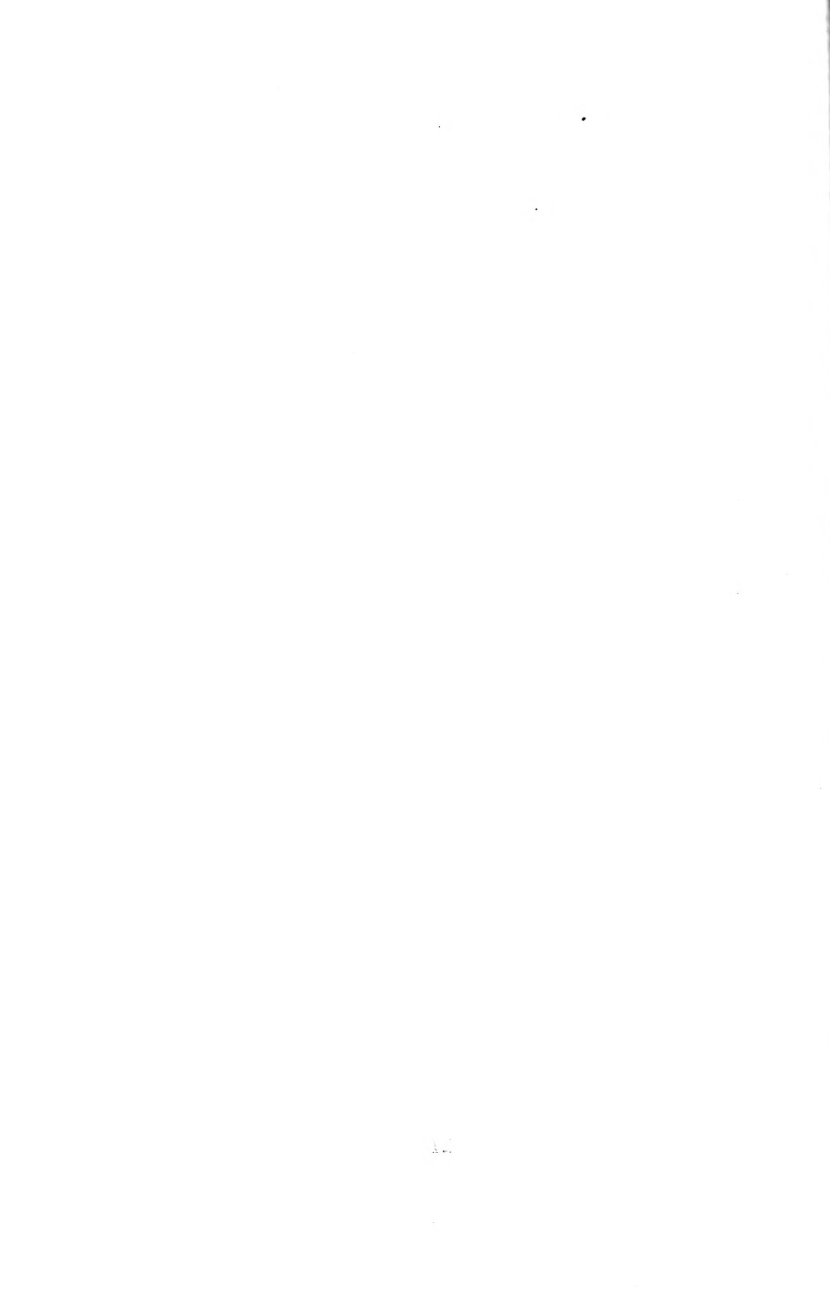
The remaining six days passed quickly, and on September 6 we struck tents and marched out of Pelham with full packs en route to City Island. Few of us will forget that trip down the river! Boats saluting, whistles blowing, great crowds along the shore cheering and waving handkerchiefs and flags. The Ammunition Train glided into the harbor at Jersey City and soon we were piling into tourist sleepers, grumbling because of the poor accommodations.

Sunday morning, September 9, when we awoke it was announced to us that we were in Camp Wadsworth. We looked out of the windows. A camp! Ye Gods! and where? A big field of cotton was pointed out to us, our camp. We accepted it good naturedly or otherwise, mostly otherwise, rolled out, set to work, and soon had enough

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space cleared to pitch our tents. We rested a day or two when arms were issued to the Ammunition Train. The arms consisted of picks, shovels, wheelbarrows and garden rakes. Our first battle took place in the aforesaid cotton field. Company 6 made a gallant attack and when the dust of battle had cleared away a clean, level parade ground and a graded company street lay before us. This did not end our stevedore work, however, for we were at it from time to time all fall, building roads and trenches.

Training at this stage of the game was very important and we worked hard, drilling, doing calisthenics and hiking. Usually we hiked about eight miles in the forenoon and drilled in the afternoon on the parade ground. This was the hardening process for our work "over there." During our training Company 5 from Buffalo was our near neighbor. We ate in the same mess hall, worked on the same details, and hiked in the same battalion. A friendly rivalry sprang up between the two companies and we had many hard contests on the baseball field. Whether at work or play, the time was spent very pleasurably together, and on October 21, 1917, Companies 5 and 6 lost their individualities under the title of Company C.



COMPANY C IS ORGANIZED

On October 21, 1917, the general reorganization of the Division was put into effect; the change in the Ammunition Train consisted of reconstructing the twelve truck companies into four truck companies, which constituted the Motor Battalion and two caisson companies and one wagon company, to be known as the Horse Battalion. Companies 5 and 6 were merged into one company to be known as Truck Company No. 3, which was later named Company C, 102d Ammunition Train, under command of Lieutenant Moncrieff, Lieutenant Beale being transferred to Company I, 107th Infantry.

So the new company started to soldier through a Southern winter, which was not living up to expectations, and we thought the saying "The Sunny South" a fable. We had not received our winter issue of clothes, but many promises were forthcoming from the Supply Department. Much to our relief the much needed equipment finally came during the first week of December. We received an extra blanket and a partial supply of O. D. clothes, which were surely not made to order. Also during this eventful week we received the information that our floors and side walls for our squad tents were finished, but as no means of transportation was available, the company proceeded to furnish its own. This necessitated the carrying of these cumbersome pieces from the Q. M. yards to camp, a distance of about a mile, and, after putting them in place we were ready to call it a day's work. The week ended with our company's taking an active part in the review in honor of Governor Whitman.

The remaining days of November were spent in drilling and in helping to construct the Vanderbilt Highway. We worked in gangs and were becoming very adept

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in the use of the pick and shovel as our drill days would alternate with the road details—one continual round of pleasure!

It was during this month that we were fortunate enough to have Captain Alson Shantz, formerly of Troop H, First New York Cavalry, assigned to us, also Lieutenant Cauley and Lieutenant Johnson. On the 21st of the month a detail of eighteen men, under command of Lieutenant Cauley, was sent to Grover, N. C., for the purpose of furnishing wood for Camp Wadsworth. This, as well as the many other duties assigned to the Ammunition Train, made us assume the role of a labor battalion.

Thanksgiving was soon upon us and our dinner committee had made preparations for a bountiful feast. But, sad to relate, our company was slated for guard on that eventful afternoon, consequently only those who escaped guard were able to do full justice to the meal in a leisurely fashion.

In the early part of December we commenced skirmish work which was to lead up to our Regimental Sham Battle. On the day set for the encounter two forces of men were sent out for the battle. However, as they failed to meet, no casualties were suffered.

Our usual jaunts to the Y. M. C. A., to say nothing of our visits to Spartanburg on the old "Pea and Hen," were interrupted by having our company quarantined to the company street because one of our members contracted the seemingly disgraceful disease of German measles. We had to be reconciled to answering our piled up correspondence and our squad troubles.

Having the idea that we were far away from wintry weather, we were somewhat astounded on falling in for reveille one morning to find Mother Earth covered with about seven inches of snow. Much to our regret this had to be eradicated from the company street a la shovel. It

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was during this first cold spell that we received our initial assignment of trucks and also orders for the remainder of the company to proceed to Grover, N. C.

We arrived at the much talked of village on December 18, and dug ourselves in for the winter (as we thought). We immediately took up our work of furnishing fuel for Camp Wadsworth, hauling the wood about six miles to the railroad and loading the cars. The work was made more difficult by the bad roads and the limited number of trucks; these conditions kept the mechanics constantly on the job, as well as the drivers and loading details. Nevertheless, the work was a small-item to us, as compared to the pleasant hours that were spent with the inhabitants of the surrounding towns. They took us into their homes and extended to us the Southern hospitality of the highest degree.

Christmas turned out to be a joyful day for all, due to the many invitations from our friends to share in their festivities. The following Saturday was a sorrowful day, as we received orders to return to Camp Wadsworth at once. We arrived at camp in a blinding snowstorm, a wet, cold, and crestfallen company. There was no one to greet us, only our empty tents and a food box in the same condition.

The passing of the old year found us at our regular routine again, looking forward to the new year to bring us new and greater events (namely our trip across the briny deep). Early in the year the Motor Battalion received twenty-one White trucks (somewhat misused) to take up new duties of the train. This was to furnish transportation for the entire division, our company being the first to undertake this difficult work. We found that again we were to struggle with the Carolina clay, and it proved a very troublesome obstacle to our work, to which any of our drivers who made the well-known

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range trip will agree. The "haul out" gang were constantly on the job and their co-operation made it possible for us to carry out our duties in a noteworthy manner.

At last our dreams were about to be realized; we were rushed through our overseas examinations on January 16. It was a critical time for us, as the rumors were strong that those failing would be assigned to permanent guard duty in the States. Many a pulse quickened as they stepped before the grim medical—oh! what a relief; what a "grand and glorious feeling" to know that one had passed successfully. But the appalling fact confronted us, that we were still in need of additional training and we forthwith proceeded to undergo the horrors of the gas mask (by the numbers). We were told that if we could not adjust the contrivance in six seconds we would be dead men. Naturally, every one endeavored to master this art. After a trip through the gas chamber with and without the mask we very readily realized the value of the training and the protection afforded by the mask.

Having covered the last lap of our overseas training, we were assigned to daily work on the Q. M. woodpile, which seemed entirely out of our line. Owing to the removal of the doughboys who were guarding the Q. M. warehouses, it fell to the lot of the train to assume this duty in addition to our Regimental guard, making continuous guard duty necessary for almost every man. To cap the climax the few hours that we could spend in town were curtailed by the Spinal Menengitis quarantine of Spartanburg, and we had to be contented with camp enjoyments.

We were in an uncertain position at this time for we scarcely knew from day to day exactly who our commander was. Captain Shantz had previously been assigned as commander of the camp prison, and during his

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absence we had been under the guiding hand of Lieutenant Johnson. Sad to relate, he was transferred to the 105th Infantry and we were without an officer for a few hours. However, Headquarters came to our rescue and assigned Lieutenant Libby, who, after a few days, was succeeded by Lieutenant Beale. Owing to Lieutenant Beale's promotion, which he received shortly after coming to our company, he left us and was assigned to the 102d Supply Train. Had Captain Shantz not been relieved from his duties in connection with the camp prison and reassigned to us, we would have again been without a commanding officer.

From the reports of truck operations overseas, it was found necessary to increase the personnel of each company. Our roster was to contain 146 enlisted men, which increase in numbers made vacancies for several sergeants, corporals and wagoners, and every one put on the last pound of steam to step a grade higher.

In the latter part of March we received our first assignment of Nash Quads, the trucks that we were to use in our work overseas. There were many whispered consultations and predictions as to the efficiency of this peculiar wagon. These first ones were mainly for instruction, and all of the drivers had an opportunity of becoming familiar with the trucks.

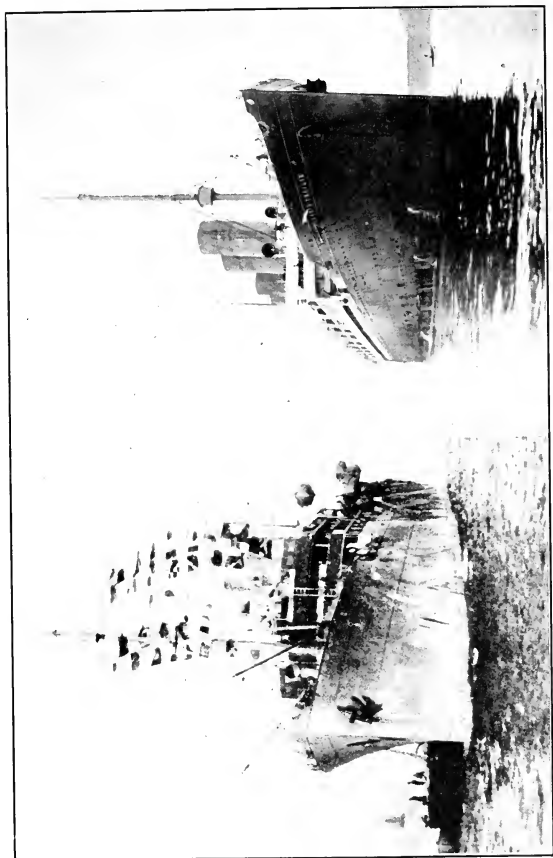
Early in April the prospects for our overseas journey seemed very bright as our Supply Department had received minute instructions as to the stenciling and dimensions of our equipment. And we were rushed through numerous inspections preparatory to our leaving for the embarkation camp. At this time we received recruits to complete the filling of our ranks. Headquarters deemed it necessary for the Ammunition Train to be expert marksmen, so we hiked to our rifle range on the Vanderbilt Highway. Here we had our first and last target

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practice and we felt in our hearts, after our one and only trial, that we were now tried and true veterans.

Great excitement prevailed when it was known that our final orders had been received, but there were many minor details yet to be performed. Our Quads were duly loaded for shipment and the company stood ready to leave.

About noon on May 18 we made our last hike in Camp Wadsworth, going from our company street to Fair Forest. Here we entrained on the Southern Railroad for the coast.



THE CZAR AND THE MOUNT VERNON

CAMP STUART

AND THE TRIP ACROSS

The rather long ride from Spartanburg to Camp Stuart was made much pleasanter by the kind ladies of the Red Cross who gave us apples, candy, and cigarettes at many of the stations. After our night in cramped quarters we were somewhat stiff next morning, but arrived early and were quickly marched to very good quarters. We were put under quarantine, with orders not to leave our block.

Life at Camp Stuart was not very interesting and some of the time the weather was exceedingly hot. Here some of us saw our folks for the last time before going overseas. After two weeks of sitting around it became very tiresome, to say the least. We drilled some and sang a few times in the very warm sunshine under the direction of the Y. M. C. A.

After about two weeks the orders came to leave and we carefully made up our rolls and packs. The cots were piled up in the corner of the barracks, everything well cleaned, and we fell in in full marching order. After waiting around a while we started off down the road towards the docks. We were off for the boats, but alas! Suddenly we saw the head of the long column turn and start back and soon all of us were on our way back to our barracks. The orders had been changed, so back we went to the old quarters. Soon every one was sitting around in the barracks looking at one another, and such a disgusted bunch of fellows have seldom been seen. The cots were put up again and we settled down for another tiresome wait.

HISTORY OF COMPANY C

On June 13 we marched out again, and this time it was not a false alarm. At the docks the Red Cross ladies gave us coffee and cookies, and, sad to relate, this was the last time we were to have their cheerful and encouraging presence for many months. We boarded the English boat the Czar, and Company C was quartered in the forward steerage section, down below the water line. The Czar had been at one time a Russian immigrant steamer, and the odors, familiar and unfamiliar, were simply horrible. Luckily the weather was warm, so most of us slept on deck, going down to our quarters as infrequently as possible.

Soon after we went on board we swung out into the harbor near the other ships of the convoy. We stayed in the harbor that night, steaming out about noon next day. As we left the harbor rows of little submarine chasers met us and ran beside the ships the first day out.

Each ship had its guns and gun crews. About 10 A. M. the first morning out suddenly the guns let go with a great racket, and there was a rush for the deck. All the ships were shooting at one spot, and we looked hard trying to see what the rumpus was all about. It was actually a submarine which had come up just to one side of the convoy. However, the visitor received such an uproarious welcome from the guns and depth charges that she made a very hurried exit.

We had a beautiful trip across as far as weather was concerned. Some other things did not rank as high as the calm weather though, especially the meals. They were by far the very worst in all our army experience,

HISTORY OF COMPANY C

the stuff being either rotten or spoiled in the cooking. The result indicated that it was perhaps both. The trip over with our English allies was not one to make our love for them flourish; they cheated us from the day we started until we arrived.

After a week on the water we were getting rather tired of the watery view, but it was not until the thirteenth day that we sighted land, and in the late afternoon the Czar anchored in the harbor of Brest. After some time lighters pulled along side and we were soon delighted to be standing on the soil of France. It is a question, however, whether we were happiest in being in France at last or in quitting the Czar.

THE ARRIVAL IN FRANCE

On June 27, 1918, after having been taken ashore in lighters, we lined up by companies along the wharves of Brest, and marched off up the long hill leading out of the town. Who will ever forget that hill or that hike? After thirteen days of lying around on the boat we were in poor condition, especially on account of the rotten food. We marched to Napoleon's Barracks, but as they were all full we continued on into the country. Finally when we were about exhausted, a halt was called and we pitched pup tents in an open field. No advance arrangements had been made, so we had no meal that night.

In the Brest region the men made the acquaintance of the famous *vin blanc* and *vin rouge*. The weather was delightful and we were all greatly pleased to get on land again and to have some food that could be eaten after awful rations on the boat.

After five days in the Brest region we marched down to the wharves one morning, starting about 3 A. M. Arriving there, we were lined up beside a long line of small, dirty looking French freight cars. Then we piled into them, forty to a car, with our boxes of rations. This was our initial introduction to a very popular method of travel in France during the war—"40 hommes, 8 chevaux"—forty men or eight horses to a freight car. It seemed about twenty too many, but so things go in army life. *C'est la guerre*. Notwithstanding the discomforts the ride that day was beautiful indeed. The country appeared very strange and different to us and wonderfully interesting.

HISTORY OF COMPANY C

That night we fully realized the limitation of our box car. There was not room for all to half lie down at once, so some of us took turns at sitting on our provision boxes in the center of the car. We were traveling south through the beautiful chateau district of France. We passed through Nantes and the next evening reached Bordeaux. Not far outside this city we left our cramped quarters. Then came one of our hardest hikes in France. Five miles of uphill work at a slow and jerky pace, and after the cramped trip it certainly was not fun. At last we reached Camp de Souge and after plodding along at least a mile further, were given a place to rest our weary bones.

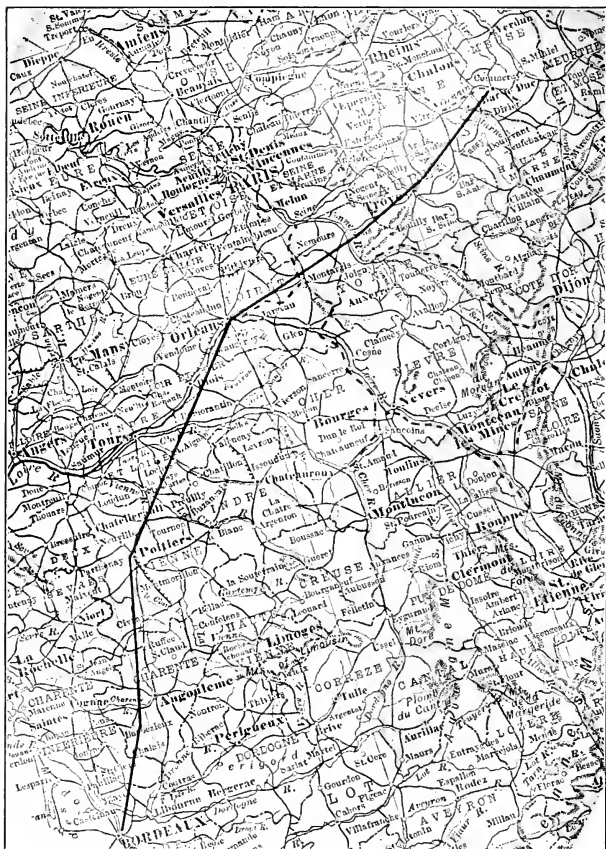
Next day was the Fourth of July. We rested that day and a few days more, but then a schedule of our day's duties was posted. From then on we arose in the darkness, stood reveille at 6 and started in at 7 on our daily rounds of gas mask drills, drilling, signaling, and lectures on engines and shells. A month passed and we still kept at our schedule; with some variations, however, afforded by the new job of fighting fires. That was a volunteer job once—just once—and from then on a detail to be missed if possible.

At the gate of Camp de Souge was located our shopping district for fierce wine, canned goods, and fruit. There were many gayly ornamented booths, the owners of which, by the prices, thought our incomes must have been enormous. And who will ever forget the little town of Saint Medard and especially the long walk back to camp, after eating all one could hold and drinking a great deal too much?

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To make us realize the value of the gas mask we had to go into a gas chamber. It accomplished its purpose without the least shadow of a doubt, and we will never forget how our famous gas sergeant came through the barracks before daylight giving gas alarm. We were obliged to dress with gas masks on.

Towards the last of August the tiresome range detail came into being and soon afterwards rumors came that our move north was near at hand. At last the final orders came for the Horse Battalion to go by train and the Motor Battalion overland in their trucks. Our training in France was at an end.



MAP OF OUR TRIP NORTH

THE TRIP NORTH

FROM BORDEAUX TO THE FRONT

On September 7, about 10 A. M., after piling company boxes and our packs and rolls into the trucks, we all climbed aboard. The four motor companies went out in sections, a few hundred yards between each section, eleven trucks to a company. We went through the center of Bordeaux and then turned north, on a wonderful trip through one of the most beautiful sections of France. The sun shone as we rode along, the trucks keeping far enough apart to avoid the dust, making it delightful riding. It was like a huge picnic, and we cheered and sang until we were tired out. Passing through the small towns and villages the people would line the streets as we went by and wave and call to us. We were in the grape country, and the people threw us large juicy bunches of that fruit along with bouquets of flowers. The French thus showed their gratitude to us, *les Américaines*, representatives of the great host from across the sea, that had come to their assistance in a time of peril.

Our first night was spent in the little town of Barbezieux, where we arrived around 8 o'clock. We were billeted two or three to a house, and it happened to be the first time any soldiers had ever been billeted there. The people were very much interested in the Americans, and exceedingly agreeable. At the homes where the men stayed the people gave them wine and tried, as far as the difficulties in talking would permit, to give them a good time. Our kitchens were set up in the main square and the majority of the women of the town appeared to take a keen interest in the army method and style of getting a meal. The men undoubtedly made an impression on the town's supply of wine, but, not having the three-horse companies with us, there was no disorder.



CAPTAIN SHANTZ IN HIS SIDE-CAR

HISTORY OF COMPANY C

This was our first real contact with French people who had not been spoiled by living too close to an American camp. The men were almost universally surprised and delighted with the treatment they received, and as we pulled out next morning we felt as though we were saying good-bye to some very good friends of ours.

The second day was like the first, fruit and flowers, cheering and singing. After a while every truck was decked with bouquets and nearly every man had a flower in his cap. Our procession was rather long, of course, and after the first section had passed the people were all out waiting for the rest. One little girl we passed that day was holding up one weary arm with the other, but still bravely waving her hand to each truck.

As no real disorder took place, we were given our entire liberty each night, and the men had many humorous experiences with their hostesses. The greatest difficulty, that of the language, was the only thing which prevented the people presenting us with the whole town.

The weather continued fine and we were enjoying ourselves immensely. Monday afternoon we passed the town of Poitiers, made famous by one of the fifteen decisive battles of the world. It was near here that in 732 Charles Martel, King of France, defeated the invading army of the Saracens and thereby probably saved Europe from Mohammedan domination.

Tuesday night we reached the famous town of Orleans. Here we drove into the wide square inside a permanent French military training station. We deposited our luggage in one of the huge barracks which surrounded the square and then started out to see the place made famous by Joan of Arc. We all saw the statue of that renowned heroine and many of the fellows made acquaintances among the present mademoiselles of the town. We stayed over Wednesday in the city, the trucks being

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greased the next morning, and more sightseeing was done that afternoon and evening. *Beaucoup vin blanc* and *vin rouge* was absorbed, but although the fellows did their best to make it temporarily a dry place, they were badly worsted, and looked it. Some had a hard time in locating their respective hotels or the barracks after the fight to make the town dry.

Our next stop was Sens, a fine little place, just south of Paris. Here we were ushered into small wooden barracks with cots. We soon discovered, however, that the place was alive with cooties and nearly everyone proceeded to find quarters elsewhere in the town. Our company furnished a very efficient force of M. P.'s that night, all the cafes in town pronouncing them *tres bon soldats*. No one was allowed to enter the establishments, but everyone knows that drinking in the open is nothing new in France, so the rules were not broken when the tables were outdoors.

From Sens we went to Lignol, through a beautiful section of the country. The people continued to come out and wave to us, and their welcome and kindness was always the very best possible. Lignol consisted of only a few houses, and our life of ease and comfort received a bad shock here as we were quartered in barns and lofts. After those deep French beds, the planks were harder than they otherwise would have been.

The next day, Saturday, dawned sunshiny and beautiful. As we lined up to leave, the sun shone down the valley on Bayel, a little town which had been badly bombed in 1916. The inhabitants were just beginning to come back, and thin wreaths of smoke were curling up from two or three of the old stone houses. We pulled out bright and early on this, our last day of riding. By late afternoon we reached Bar-le-Duc, which lies south of Verdun, about twenty miles from the front.

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The town was full of soldiers of all nationalities, who crowded the cafes and the stores. Here we saw the effects of German bombs and also two or three large and spacious bomb proofs. Many of the fellows have a fond memory for the place on account of the most excellent beer that was to be had there. Our wonderful trip had been hard on finances, and many of the last francs were here turned over for this favorite beverage. We were quartered that night in very comfortable French barracks.

Sunday was spent in Bar-le-Duc, and happily all the cafes and stores were open, so that our last day behind the front was a very enjoyable one. We were scheduled to leave at 10 that evening, but it was almost midnight before we started out on the final stretch of our journey to the front.



MAP OF OUR SECTOR AT THE FRONT
X'S INDICATE LOCATIONS OF OUR CAMP AT DIFFERENT TIMES

AT THE FRONT

It would be a difficult matter to give a clear description of our thoughts as we piled into our trucks at 11 P. M., September 15, on the final lap of our journey to the front. We can safely say that curiosity was foremost in our minds and little of fear, for though our imaginations were great, we were ignorant of what we were coming to.

Never before had we seen such a congested road as the one we traversed that night; there was a continuous stream of trucks moving in each direction. The drivers were warned upon departing from Bar-le-Duc to observe convoy rules strictly, especially to use no lights and to keep a thirty-yard interval. We had not proceeded far, however, before a ten-yard distance between trucks was ordered, otherwise the trucks would have become lost and no progress made. Even at this interval we soon became intermingled with the "Frogs" and our own men began to race between one another for places in the convoy, not knowing who the other drivers might be. The men became better acquainted with the army language on that midnight ride.

More interesting than this, however, was our view from a distance of the front. The flares, rockets and flames from the guns lit the horizon and were only too distinct. However, toward morning the famous road to Verdun had mostly cleared of other vehicles, making our progress smoother, and with our curiosity wearing off we began to wish for some sleep.

Just at the break of day we parked the trucks in an open field and camouflaged them with green branches from nearby trees. This was a new task to us, but we did it well, if quantity is the art of camouflage. We marched to long French barracks which bordered on our

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truck park. Here we secured a welcome wash and some much needed rest. Toward evening we again loaded into our trucks and left at five minute intervals for a wood one-half mile distant.

Company C had a hard time getting a place to pitch pup tents, and by the time it was finally decided where we would line up darkness had fallen. A few sad attempts were made to pitch a tent, but most of them ended in failure, and we made ourselves as comfortable as we could by rolling in our blankets in the trucks or under the trees.

Our sleep that night was far from peaceful. At 10 o'clock we were startled by the sharp command, "Get those horses in the shadow of the wood; enemy planes." And then we discerned the unsteady drone of an airplane motor unlike any we had ever heard before. Immediately following this was a crash, accompanied by a deafening explosion of a bomb or "ash can," as we soon came to term them. From then on, excitement reigned and grew higher with the explosions of more bombs.

Suddenly the dreaded cry, "Gas!" came; then all records were broken for quick movements into the masks. "Hell, where is my gas mask," "Get out of my way. I can't find my mask," "Have you my gas mask?" "Where in hell is Daymont, I've lost my mask." Pup tents were torn down in the scuffle and confusion. The purr of plane motors and the put-put-put of the machine guns resounded from the moon-lit sky. All sorts of things imaginable, and more, were heard in that few minutes (seemingly hours) of front line life in that eventful first night.

Most of the following day was spent in digging trenches for protection in case of shell fire. Just as we had completed them the next day we were moved to an adjoining wood. These woods were located just outside

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of Balecourt. It was at this time we learned that the 52d Brigade was to support the 33d Division instead of our own. From here we started making our trips to the front on the Frommerville sector, supplying the batteries at La Claire and Charny, as well as making one trip to the reserve infantry trenches with 30.30 ammunition.

Our first trips were made at night, no one being allowed on the road in daylight. The first few times were uneventful, but as everything was new we were badly startled a good many times. The M. P.'s were great little boys to give a scare. The hill outside of Frommerville was under direct enemy observation and they were wont to caution us in this manner, "Keep 300 yard intervals between trucks. This morning a train was blown to hell on top of that hill." Then they would proceed to start you off at twenty yard intervals and by the time you reached the summit all were bunched together.

Towns levelled to the ground were not at all consoling nor were frequent shell holes in the road. There were not many trips made before all realized that it was work and not play. The wagoner soon discovered that wheeling a "Quad" in the rain, cold and damp was just about the toughest job he ever ran across. If he was lucky he had an assistant who did a share of the driving.

The "buck" private soon learned that handling 75's and 155's was far different from herding cattle on Texas plains or pushing a pen in a New York skyscraper. Finding our way to Frommerville (Division Headquarters), Germonville (dump), La Claire, Charny, and Chattanooga at first was like solving a Chinese puzzle, but the trips became so frequent it was soon second nature to us.

On September 24 we again moved, going to still another wood on the opposite side of Balecourt. Half of the company found shelter in a dilapidated barrack and stables, while the balance pitched tents. It was here we

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became aware of something big to come. Each day saw more cannon going into place in the surrounding hills and ammunition being massed at the batteries, so we naturally sensed a big drive. It started September 26, and was to last until the signing of the armistice. The last offensive, everyone called it, and thank God, such it proved to be.

The great barrage preceding it opened at 11:30 on the night of September 25, and from that hour on there was no doubt in our minds about the magnitude of it. The sky was illuminated with the incessant flaming and flashing of the 3,500 guns, but it was all music to our ears. We had been informed that this was the greatest artillery preparation ever known and it was needed, for "Jerry" had been in his well fortified positions for three years. Concrete trenches could never withstand that incessant hail of iron, however, and though our brigade was prepared to fire seventy-two hours, eleven hours was sufficient to start the Boches toward the Rhine. The long range guns continued to harass them constantly though, and well did we realize it, for the two monster 14-inch guns at Balecourt sent over one every fifteen minutes and at each discharge our barracks trembled like a leaf.

On September 26 we made our first trip over the roads in daylight, carrying ammunition from Nixeville to Chattoncourt by way of Chary and Marne. At least a dozen observation balloons were in the air all that day and were the object of attack from many enemy planes. While passing along the road between Charny and Marne two were shot down almost over our heads. The two enemy planes then flew over our train at a low altitude, emptying their machine guns at the earth. Oh yes, we prayed considerably. We never before realized what a big battle meant.

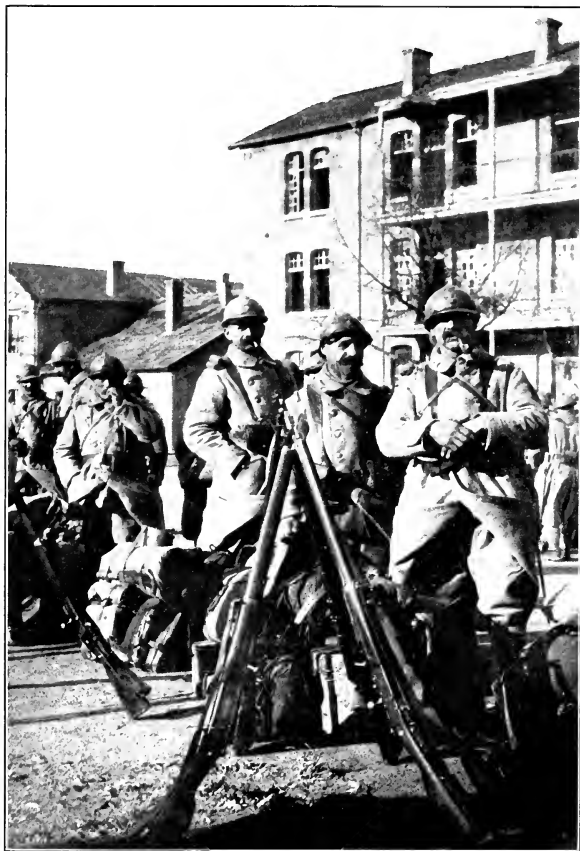
HISTORY OF COMPANY C

The woods were packed with guns, caissons, dough-boys on their way to and from the lines, trucks loaded with rations or ammunition, mule teams, ambulances and many prisoners. In a way it was humorous to see a lone M. P. coming along with a couple of hundred prisoners and usually at the head of the column at that. It was surely nervous work though to stand on the road for three hours as we did at Chattancourt waiting for an opening through the congested roads with shells bursting within seventy-five yards at half minute intervals. Though our barracks and pup tents were the last place you could think of for comfort, they were a veritable paradise after such long trips as these. From the start of the drive until the end the trucks worked continuously, the men being divided into two shifts, and one was fortunate if he got much sleep.

On October 7 we moved to La Claire and had dugouts to live in. Some were dark, but on the whole they were fairly comfortable. We at least felt secure from "Jerry's" disconcerting air attacks or stray shells.

The lack of tobacco and writing materials must be mentioned here. Our only means of getting tobacco was the issue, which was far from adequate—two packages a week, which usually disappeared in a couple of days. As it rained practically all the time it was a hard proposition to roll a cigarette. If one succeeded in making one, three or four men usually divided a smoke.

Wood was another scarce article—anything we could lay our hands on going into the stoves, but the starting of the fire was made easy by the lavish use of powder, always available. We continued to make our trips from here, which by this time all began to seem the same. Each trip of course carried some special memory, such as the ones over Forges Hill, or like the one in which we were obliged to wait for two hours, due to heavy shelling, be-



FRENCHMEN IN VERDUN

fore crossing Consenvoye Bridge. All these were heavy strains on the nerves and endurance. Pages of interesting experiences and sights could be filled, but space will not permit. Mention must be made, however, of one rare sight of more than 100 airplanes in the air at one time, and of the individual air battles, one of which occurred directly over one of our camps. Our next move was to that most historic city—Verdun.

VERDUN

We left La Claire on Tuesday, October 22, and proceeded in our trucks to Faubourg Pave, just outside of the gates of Verdun, where we were billeted in French barracks, some of which were very badly shot up from the four years continuous shelling of the city.

While we were there "Fritz" still persisted in shelling the place, not so much or so fast as in the past, but enough to let us know that he was still over the hill.

It was plain to be seen that Verdun was a finely fortified city and had been a very beautiful one before it became a target for the Hun. It was completely surrounded by a wall and mote, and at each entrance it had a draw-bridge. On one of these was inscribed the words, "On ne passe pas." They shall not pass.

Within the city was a very large citadel, a valuable protection under the old methods of warfare, but not so good in modern times, but it served as a very good place for the storage of supplies.

The city itself showed awful effects of the terrific



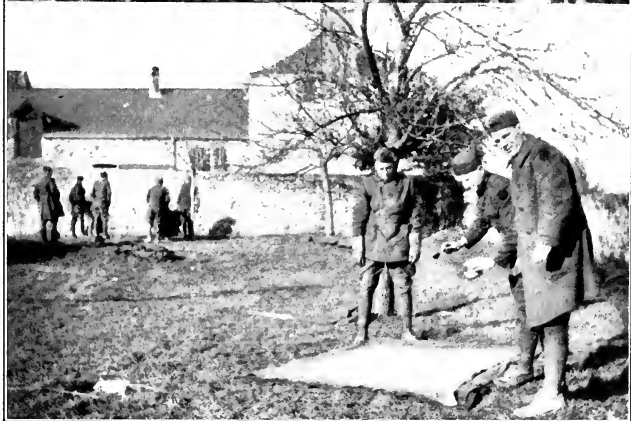
STREET IN THE CITY OF VERDUN

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shell fire which it had suffered for four long years. There was not a building which had not been hit by a shell or by flying shrapnel. However, our barracks were in a very good position, being directly under the brow of the hill which stood between the Huns and Verdun. These were the most comfortable quarters we had been in, at the front, as we all had bunks and nearly every room had a little stove. We were allowed to visit Verdun often, in which places were both an American and French Q. M. and a Y. M. C. A. When we came to this area we were told that we had come there for a rest. We rested four days and again started our work of transporting ammunition to the battery positions.

We now worked on the east side of the Meuse River, which the Americans had crossed after a hard fight. We found the roads to be much better than any we had traversed at the front. Every truck was in constant use for we were advancing very fast, and in many cases the ammunition had to be carried ahead with the artillery.

Ever since we had come to Verdun there were constant rumors of the war's ending, an armistice, etc., and when on Sunday, November 10, we heard that the armistice would commence on Monday, November 11, we could not believe it. It seemed too good to be true. So we waited and hoped and the cannonading seemed greater, and we thought, "Oh, nothing to it, only another rumor." But when at 11 o'clock the guns ceased firing, joy and real hope were in the hearts of the men that the long war had come to a victorious close at last. The fight for democracy had been a success.



MESS IN BELLERAY
CHASING THE "COOTIES" IN MONTSURS

AFTER THE ARMISTICE

After the armistice the trucks went to the front a few times, but soon were turned over to the Army of Occupation and we were a motorized company no longer. We were delighted to see them go, for then we knew our greasing days were over and, what was more encouraging, the chances for going home looked brighter.

Before November 11 Verdun had been nearly deserted, but now it became suddenly alive with men. This resulted from the fact that Verdun was made a receiving point for returned prisoners. The prisoners came in alone, two or three together, sometimes forty or fifty men together, or perhaps even a thousand. Frenchmen, Englishmen, Italians, Belgians, Americans and Russians. It was all too easy to distinguish the ones who had been in Germany for a long time by their thin and sickly appearance. One of the large barracks next to ours was filled up with two or three thousand Russians. They were huge, bearded men, ragged and hungry. During our meals they came around waiting for us to finish and then took the leavings from our mess kits and ate like hungry dogs. We were able to give them much tobacco, which they were extremely thankful to get. We American souvenir hunters were keen after their buttons, consequently many a poor Russian had not a single button left on his coat, so willing were they to give us whatever they had. They seemed like big, gentle, unoffending children.

Verdun had been badly battered and torn by the war, but soon after the 11th, signs of returning life came creeping back. First, it was a few small street lamps, after that putting in new telephone wires was started, and at the same time work was begun repairing the railroads.

On November 26 we moved down to Belleray, just south of Verdun. This was our first hike in a long time,

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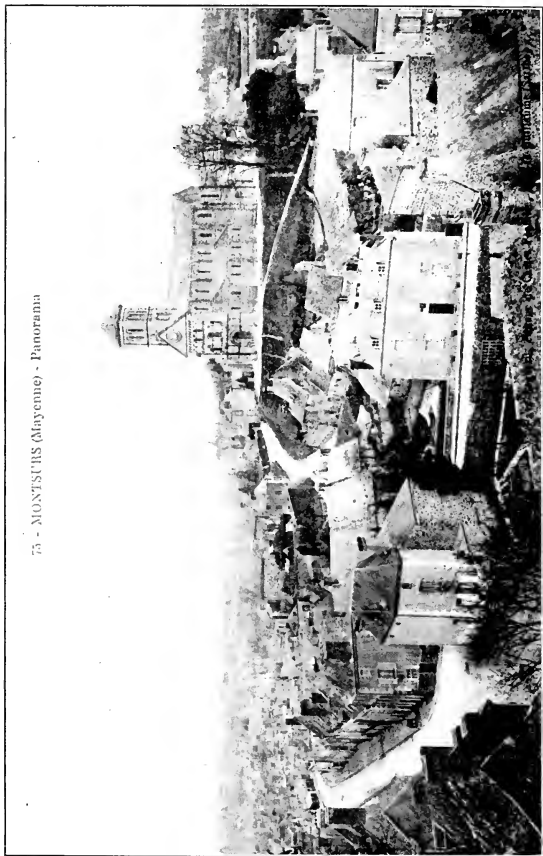
but luckily it was not very far. The great event of Belleray was, undoubtedly, the fire. It was a fierce fire and the town charged the United States enough in damages to pay for every building within a radius of three kilometres, so it seemed to us. After we had done considerable digging and thoroughly cleaned the town, we moved on. Getting up at 4 A. M., we marched down to Dugny and had plenty of time to catch our train, which left around 9 that evening.

The trip from Dugny to La Chapelle was the worst of our experience in the "Side-door Pullmans." Three nights and two days on the train with our old friends Corned Willy, beans, and tomatoes. During the day we relieved the monotony somewhat by riding on the flat cars. However, the intermittent rain made that rather uncertain. After the third night we arrived about 8 A. M. at our destination. What a stiff and weary crowd we were! It was then necessary to march to Montsurs, about seven miles away. We were carrying full packs with many souvenirs besides, and after three nights in exceedingly cramped quarters and little sleep, it was no wonder that many fell out of ranks on the hike. When we at last reached the town of Montsurs, which was to be our home, it was with great joy that we unslung our packs.

The first day in Montsurs the place seemed very large and busy, accustomed as we were to seeing no civilians around at all. What a run there was on the stores, and soon all the butter and the delicious honey were sold out. We cleaned ourselves, our equipment, and the billets and settled down for a ten day stay—so we thought. At first the days passed rapidly, soon it was Christmas, but as yet no signs of leaving!

On Christmas Day we had a special goose dinner in the Hotel Lion D'Or. Many preparations had been made

75 - MONTSUIS (Mayenne) - Panorama



MONTSUIS

HISTORY OF COMPANY C

by the cooks and it was a meal long to be remembered. That evening in the town chapel our chaplain gave us a short entertainment; we sang, there were speeches, and gifts from the Y. M. C. A. It was hard to realize that it was really Christmas for the fields were green and vegetables were growing in the gardens. Many of us went to the big church that night for the Midnight Mass. It is an old custom for all the people in the town and of the surrounding countryside to come. The occasion was very interesting indeed to the Americans. Just at midnight the 104th Artillery Band, which had come up and was outside the church, played a few hymns, including "America," which sounded very beautiful.

We had many strong rumors around New Years that the 27th Division, including ourselves, was to sail January 10. However, the 10th came and went and still we sat around Montsurs, thinking of the United States, and passing the time as best we could with rumors in the air all the time.

The townspeople were exceedingly kind to us and naturally we made many good friends among them. The cafes did a larger business than ever before, especially around pay day. All the stores and tailor shops were affected in a similar manner, and the town was undoubtedly taking in more money than in many years.

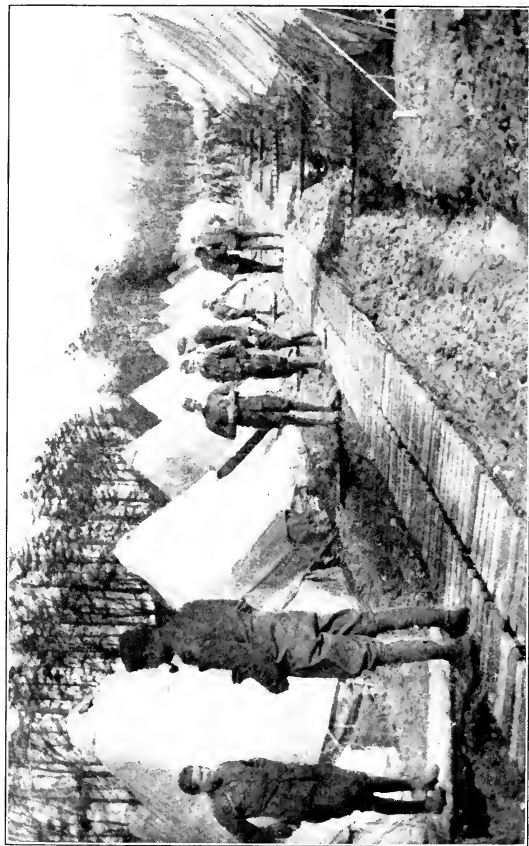
Many of the surrounding towns were often visited by those looking for amusement, or a good bath. Montsurs could not boast of a bath tub. Who will forget what an exciting place Laval was, along about 4 in the afternoon? However, the haughty Russian officers there, unlike the returned prisoners we had seen, afforded some amusement. They say a Russian "fell off" the bridge into the river one night, which seemed to make the rest considerably less haughty.

After we had given up believing rumors of any kind,

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the final welcome orders came at last, and we prepared to leave. This time we were allowed two duffle bags to a squad, which helped reduce the size and weight of our packs somewhat. On the morning of February 25 we lined up by companies along Montsurs' main street, or rather Grand Rue, and marched out with the band leading. All the people were out to see us go, and we felt that we were leaving many good friends. Once more we hiked to La Chapelle, but as we had not been sleeping in box cars for three nights it was not nearly as hard going as on our arrival.

The ride to Brest was the best we had had in box cars. For once we were not too crowded, and everyone was able to lie down at the same time and sleep. So when we arrived in Brest next morning everybody was feeling full of pep and happy.



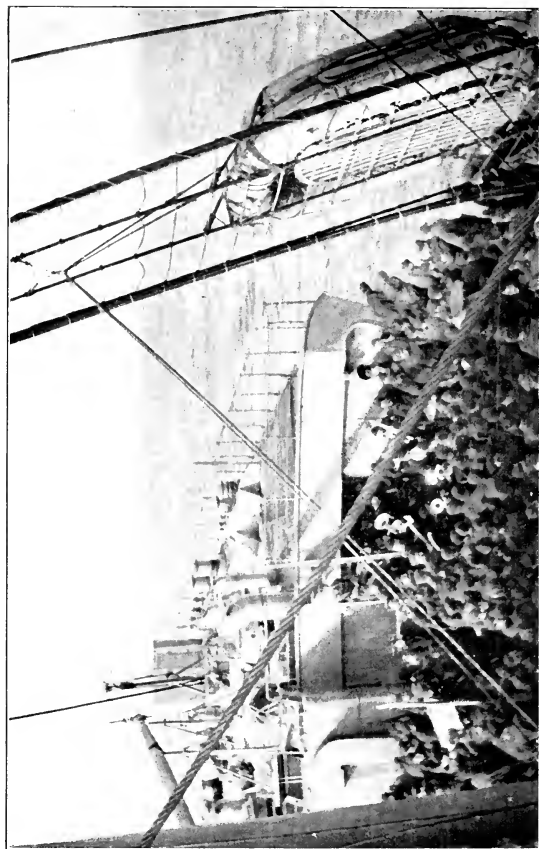
CAMP AT BREST

IN THE RAIN AT BREST

Elated by thought of the end, cheering, bantering words with M. P.'s and such others as were around, Company C pulled into Brest about 9 in the morning of February 26, 1919. 'Twas there that we made our acquaintance with the celebrated rain of Brest, and it seemed to like us so well that it could not be shaken off. In fact, most of us were soaked nearly all the time from then on. We were given a good meal and then started on the hike up the big hill. This time we were not led astray by the words "Rest Camp" on the signboard. We had believed that once before.

As we went along we noticed the big changes that had taken place since our last visit. Immense barracks had been built and hundreds of tents erected. It was not the quiet sunny Brest of the June before. By this time it was pouring, and according to time honored custom, we were taken to the very last bunch of tents. However, they had wooden floors and stoves, and they sure did look good to us.

The meals pleased us greatly. There was always plenty to eat and plenty of variety. But if it was not raining when we went to meals it was sure to pour before we came back. The first detail came the next morning. We went out and changed around some duck boards and in the afternoon dug foundations for houses, always in the everlasting rain. If rain seems to predominate right here please excuse it because it certainly did predominate at Brest. The next day we built tent walls and in the



ON BOARD THE MOUNT VERNON

HISTORY OF COMPANY C

afternoon came the detail of details. We carried tent floors, each weighing around 500 pounds, to their respective places. As there were only twelve men to a board, we could hardly walk home by the time we finished the job.

Sunday afternoon we made the usual false start, and after the packs had all been made, our departure was postponed till the next morning. But then we really did start, and once more we hiked the five miles, still in the rain, to the docks. After very little delay we boarded a lighter and went out to the boat that was to take us across the sea and home. Good-bye "A. E. F."

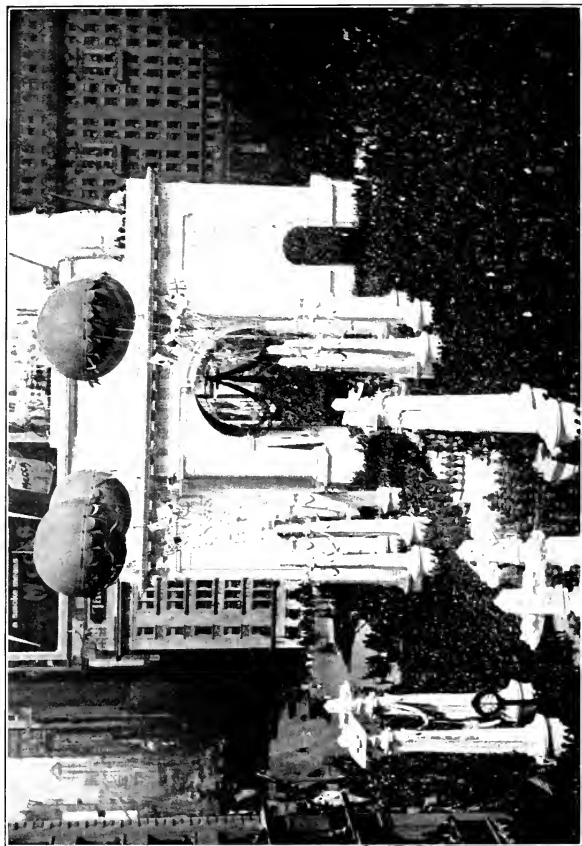
We embarked on the Mount Vernon, the old North German Lloyd liner Kronprinzessin Cecile, on March 3, 1919. Speaking of Heaven, the minute we were located an immediate rush of the canteen was started that lasted until everything was sold out, the day before we landed. It was hard to believe, real candy and as much as one wanted. The weather was a bit rough the first two days out, but soon it became calmer and as almost everybody got their sea legs we had an enjoyable trip. The two daily meals took up a good deal of time, and what a battle it was to get into the famous "fourth sitting."

Early on March 11 we pulled into Hoboken. Some of us even went without breakfast to take a look at Mademoiselle Liberty. We were greeted with a sure 'nough "jazz" band and a bevy of Red Cross nurses and Salvation Army girls, not to mention the Welcome Committee's marvelous craft sent out by the Mayor.

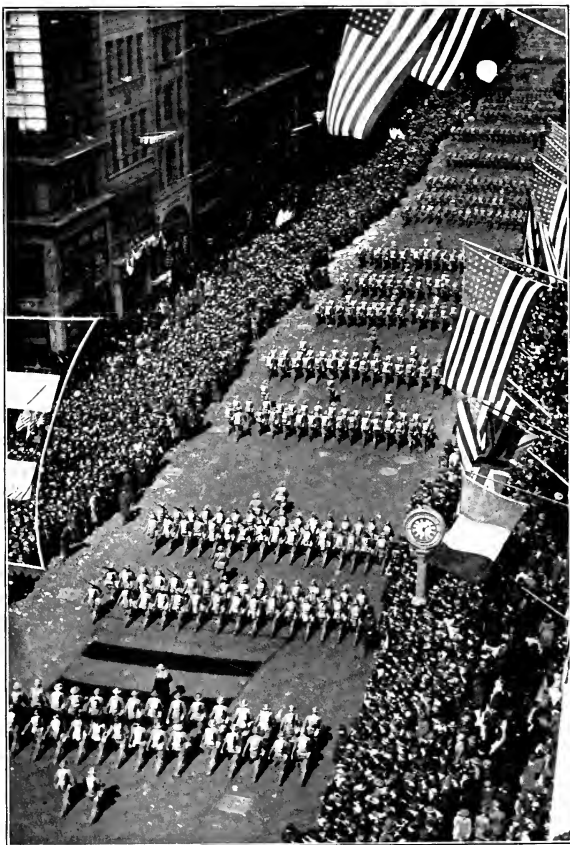
HISTORY OF COMPANY C

We disembarked that morning, and then Company C received the happy news that they were to police up the boat. So we all filed back on the ship and after working a couple of hours we again got off and were given biscuits and coffee by the A. R. C., and chocolate and candy by the Salvation Army. After that we loaded on a small boat which took us to Weehawken. There we boarded a train to Camp Merritt and at last we were really in the good old U. S. A.

The joy of our homecoming was marred, however, by the death, the night before we landed, of one of the finest fellows in the company, Corporal George Banning of Rochester, N. Y.



THE VICTORY ARCH ON THE DAY OF THE 27TH DIVISION PARADE



VII
VIEW ON FIFTH AVENUE DURING THE 27TH DIVISION PARADE

LAST DAYS OF COMPANY C

THE PARADE, CAMP UPTON, AND DISCHARGE

Contrary to precedent, the day for our leaving Camp Merritt proved to be warm and fair, and incidentally, even more contrary to precedent, this was our first time to have regrets on leaving any post. Camp Merritt is a camp of comfort, convenience and good eats.

With our usual luck, we marched out of camp at 7 A. M. and crossed the Palisades to Alpine Landing, only to find that we would have to wait a few hours before we could embark on the ferry for New York. By ferry and then by elevated we reached the Eighth Coast Defense Armory about 3 in the afternoon. There we left our equipment and were free until 7 A. M. Tuesday morning. Full advantage was taken by all and save for a few greenhorns, everyone was on hand to fall in with our featherweight show packs and "tin derbys" the next morning.

The subway took us to Broadway and Fourteenth Street and from there we went to Thirteenth Street, between Sixth and Seventh Avenues, where we formed at about nine o'clock. Eats and kidding passed away the time until we were fallen in with platoon front about twelve o'clock for the big event. A few steps at a time finally brought us to Fifth Avenue at one-fifteen, and we were off up the Avenue.

Between crowds on either side, which the cops could not hold back, we marched at varying paces. Indeed the paces varied from mark time to double time. So much

HISTORY OF COMPANY C

distance had been lost by those in advance of us that the prescribed rests were omitted and with great discomfort we ran from Twenty-third Street to Twenty-seventh, then from Thirty-fourth to Forty-second and later again double time for a block or two.

The magnificence of the decorations and the size and enthusiasm of the crowd made the parade of the 27th Division, of which Company C was a part, a wonderful event. Such an immense and continuous crowd we had never seen and probably will never see again. All our friends were in the stands along by Ninety-second Street, and they gave us a great welcome as we passed by. The pleasure of the occasion was rather lost for us through the necessity of the double timing, for we covered the distance in a little over half of the prescribed time. Our gratitude to the Captain for cutting down to quick time our longest sprinting contest, will not soon be forgotten. We will never forget the royal reception given us all along the line of march and that enormous crowd.

After the parade we went up to the Armory, made up our packs for the following day, and were told to report back at 8 o'clock next morning.

Wednesday we got away in good time, but it was 4 o'clock before we reached Upton, and as usual marched to the barracks the farthest from the railroad. Not having any noon meal the cry, "When do we eat?" was taken up, even before we found our quarters. Our stay here was a very restless period, for there was little to do and few places to go. Some of the time was taken up by lectures and now and then we were called upon to sign various



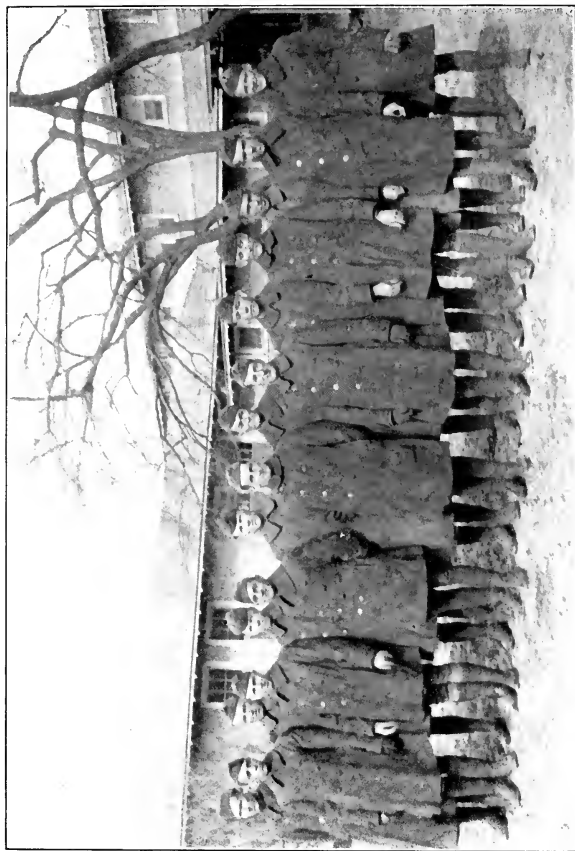
THE "APPLE-KNOCKERS" LEAVING CAMP UPTON

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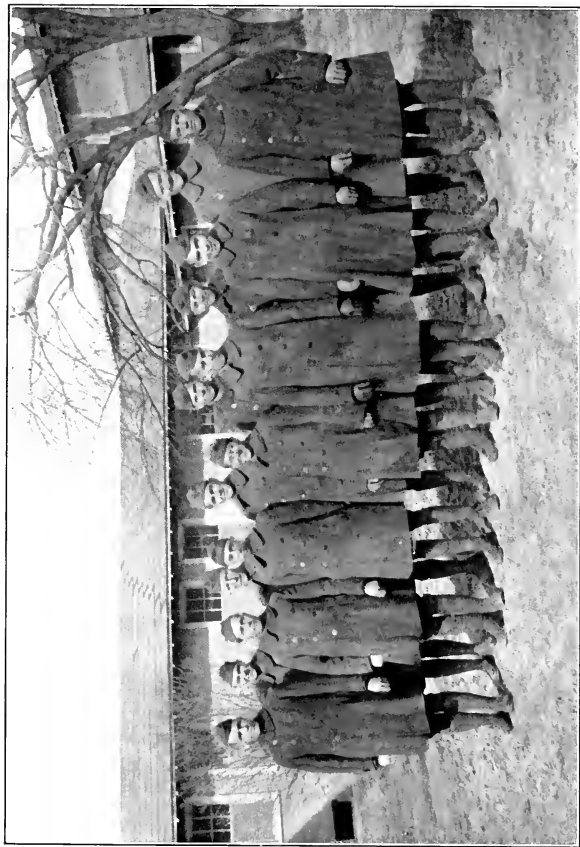
papers. The mess fund was used up in buying special eats which helped out several of the meals in fine style.

On Monday, March 31, all the men from Rochester marched away for a special parade in that city, cutting the company down about half. Thursday we got up at 4 A. M. in order to get an early start. Around 7:30 we marched down to Camp Headquarters, where we were paid off. Then away we went to the station and after the tickets had been purchased the long looked-forward-to discharges were given out. At last we were free men! The great adventure was over and we were going back to our homes and to our friends.





SQUADS ONE AND TWO OF COMPANY C



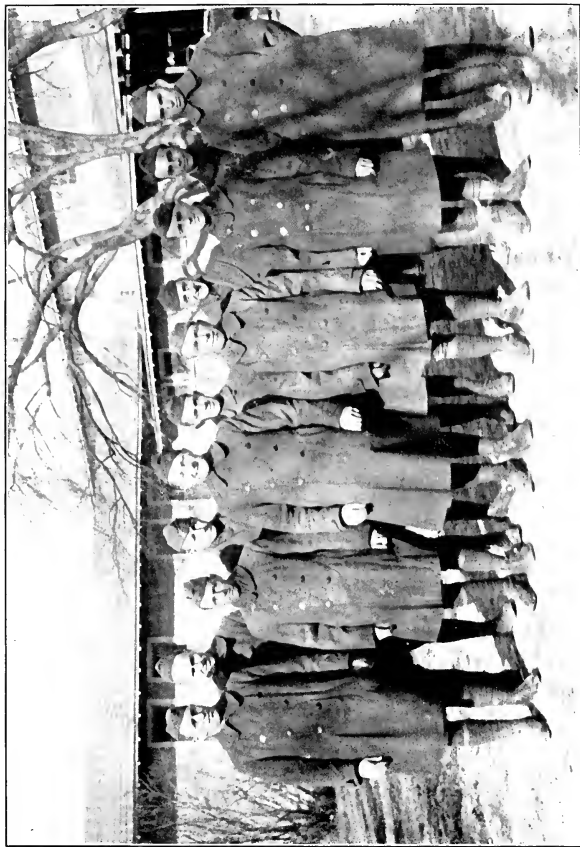
SQUADS THREE AND FOUR OF COMPANY C



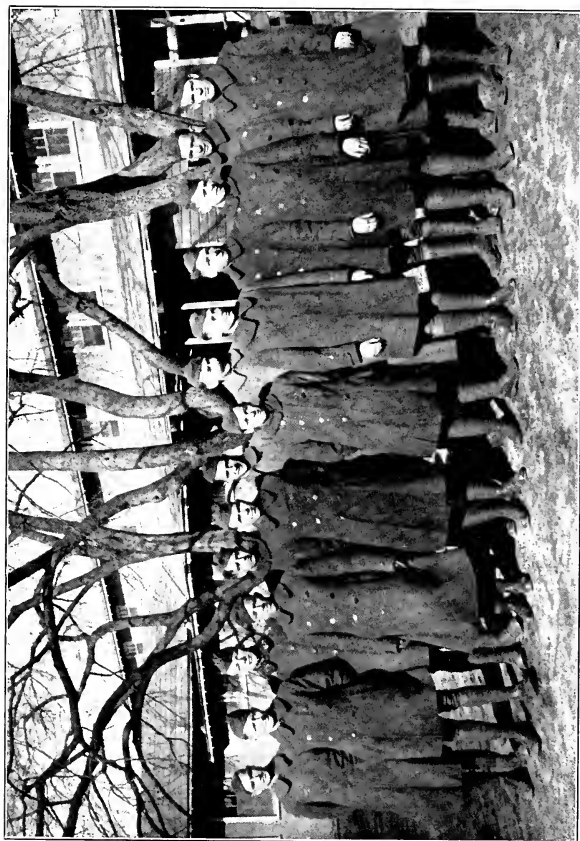
SQUADS FIVE AND SIX OF COMPANY C



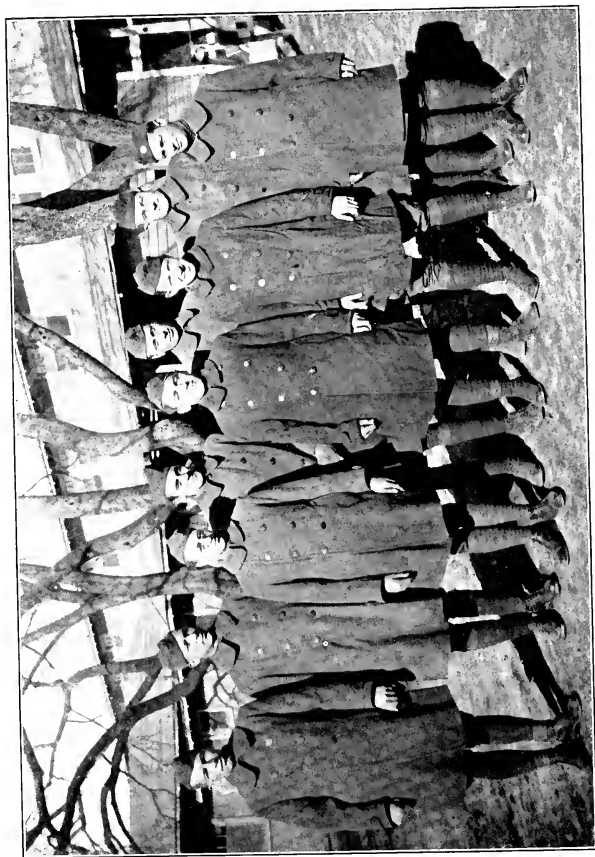
SQUADS SEVEN AND EIGHT OF COMPANY C



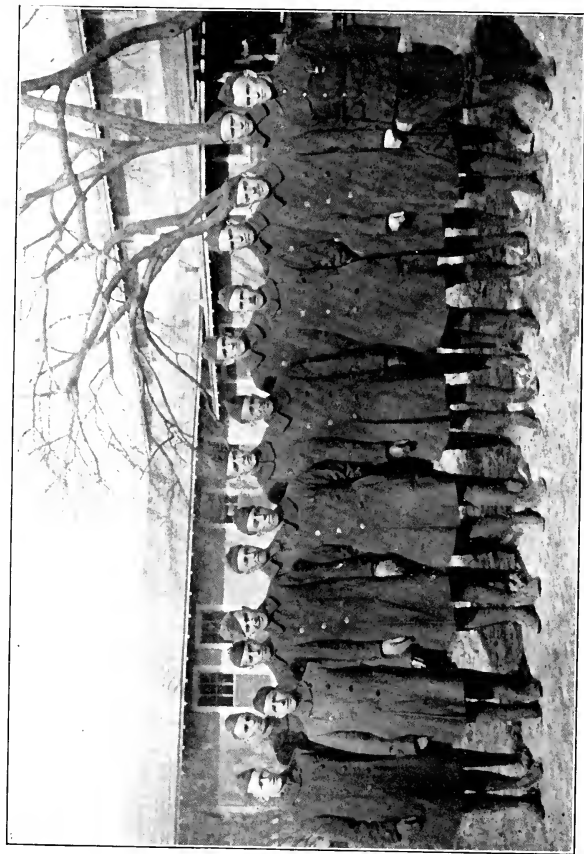
SQUADS NINE AND TEN OF COMPANY C



SQUADS ELEVEN AND TWELVE OF COMPANY C



SQUAD THIRTEEN OF COMPANY C



SERGEANTS AND CORPORALS



FOUR MEMBERS OF COMPANY C NOT IN GROUP PICTURES



ROSTER OF COMPANY C

Captain Alson Shantz, Pittsford, N. Y.

Lieutenant Thomas Madigan, 85 Linwood Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ralph R. Abbott, Pompton Lakes, N. J.

Roger H. Abbott, Mineral Wells, Tex.

Harrison Allen, Logansport, La.

Howard E. Aller, 618 Midland Avenue, Syracuse,
New York.

Frank I. Alliger, 81 Clinton Street, Tonawanda, N. Y.

Wallace J. Balding, 36 North Street, Geneseo, N. Y.

Frank H. Battle, Manlius, N. Y.

William A. Bechtel, 334 Grand Avenue, Johnson City,
New York.

Percy R. Billington, 19 Natoma Street, Rye, N. Y.

Milton M. Blum, 210 West 146th Street, New York
City.

Claude S. Britt, Medina, N. Y.

Lloyd L. Brown, Spencerport, N. Y.

George H. Broyles, 1113 Green Street, Palestine, Tex.

William M. Carter, 7 Bond Street, Rochester, N. Y.

August H. Chomas, 1265 Willoughby Avenue, Brook-
lyn, N. Y.

Harold W. Church, 118 Kenwood Avenue, Rochester,
New York.

Edward J. Cloud, Rule, Tex.

Dwight J. Clute, Medina, N. Y.

Cyril E. Cochran, 17 Vernon Avenue, Batavia, N. Y.

William E. Colligan, 318 West Fifty-first Street, New
York City.

Charles P. Connors, care Howe & Rogers, Rochester,
New York.

Derwood E. Covill, 6 Livingston Park, Rochester,
New York.

William H. Davies, Norton, New Mexico.

HISTORY OF COMPANY C

- Laurence J. Daymont, New York Mills, N. Y.
Fidele Denoo, 51 Woodward Street, Rochester, N. Y.
Marinis DeReu, 602 Hayward Avenue, Rochester,
New York.
Walter H. Derry, 15 Fifth Street, Newark, N. J.
Harry T. Devens, 231 East Seventh Street, Oswego,
New York.
Andrew J. Dinnen, 499 St. Paul Place, Bronx, N. Y.
Berthold B. Dittfurth, Runge, Tex.
Harold S. Doane, 133 Clinton Avenue S., Rochester,
N. Y.
George F. Doherty, 403 Walnut Street, West Ho-
boken, N. J.
Walton S. Donahue, Northport, L. I., N. Y.
Godfrey W. Douthwaite, 157 Bayes Avenue, Buffalo,
New York.
William T. Doyle, 27 Iroquois Street, Rochester, N. Y.
James H. Easlick, 817 East Fayette Street, Syra-
cuse, N. Y.
Pinkney M. Eidson, Long Island, S. C.
Louis R. Erckert, 101 Exeter Terrace, Buffalo, N. Y.
Ralph S. Excell, Greene, N. Y.
John Fairbairn, 203 Cadwell Street, Syracuse, N. Y.
John V. Felskowski, West Falls, N. Y.
Ransford W. Furbeck, Johnsville, N. Y.
Stanford V. Gamester, 319 West Forty-sixth Street,
New York City.
Clemens O. Gaul, 263 East Avenue, Lockport, N. Y.
Arthur J. Gauthier, 15 Gardner Street, Whitesboro,
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William Gfeller, 8 Gerling Place, Rochester, N. Y.
Donald E. Goodling, 47 North Queen Street, York, Pa.
Ernest Gordon, 211 North Perry Street, Johnstown,
New York.
James E. Gowdy, 187 Crescent Street, Long Island
City, N. Y.

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William M. Gribbon, 1902 Beaver Avenue, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Frank J. Grimes, 401 East Fiftieth Street, New York City.

Carlos Guerguin, 108 City Street, San Antonio, Tex.

George C. Hack, 150 Lilas Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

Archie D. Handy, Hyannis, Mass.

Lyle L. Hardman, Richburg, N. Y.

George H. Heath, 5 Porter Place, Towanda, Pa.

Charlie C. Henderson, Montalba, Tex.

Russell L. Hill, Medina, N. Y.

George Hillman, Tully, N. Y.

Joseph P. Hoey, 49 Webster Street, Ridgely Park, New Jersey.

Percy Hopwood, 29 Claremont Avenue, New York City.

Charles S. Hoyt, 127 South Eleventh Avenue, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Earle F. Huxley, Ontario, N. Y.

Frederick E. Jackson, 2305 Eighty-fourth Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Fred C. Jacobsen, 1307 South Third Street, Nampa, Idaho.

Elmer L. Johnson, Ontario, N. Y.

James L. Johnson, Ripley, N. Y.

Chester A. Jones, R. F. D. No. 3, Bryan, Tex.

Charles W. Julin, 3928 Jamaica Avenue, Woodhaven, New York.

William R. Kahn, 3129 Broadway, New York City.

William S. Kearns, Sand Creek Road, R. F. D. Box 220, West Albany, N. Y.

Loftus G. Keebler, 26 Gates Street, Poughkeepsie, New York.

Edward T. Kelly, 30 West Fourth Street, Oswego, New York.

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William B. Kline, 252 West 115th Street, New York City.

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Lloyd A. Kotteker, Chapin, N. Y.

Edward Krasa, 2538 Hughes Street, Glendale, N. Y.

Andrew D. Leslie, 236 Van Horne Street, Jersey City, N. J.

Benjamin C. Lovell, 10½ Judd Street, Binghamton, New York.

Frank R. Lund, 221 North Park Avenue, Buffalo, New York.

Walter N. Maurer, 261 Warwick Avenue, Rochester, New York.

Edward McCarthy, 606 West 137th Street, New York City.

Kent E. Mendell, 504 East Jefferson Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

William H. Merlin, 511 South Sheridan Avenue, Tacoma, Wash.

Chester F. Miller, 2147 Lake Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

Wilbert J. Miller, 375 Humboldt Parkway, Buffalo, New York.

Raymond J. Mock, 15 Storz Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

Leroy Monk, 44 Brinkman Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

John T. Moorhead, 305 Madison Avenue, Albany, New York.

Charlie W. Morrison, Dyke, Tex.

Edward A. Moses, 107 Mary Street, Syracuse, N. Y.

John J. Mulvaney, 172 Amsterdam Avenue, New York City.

William J. Murphy, 20 Madison Street, Rochester, New York.

HISTORY OF COMPANY C

Albert D. Osborn, 22d floor Woolworth building, New York City.

John J. Otto, 247 Flower City Park, Rochester, N. Y.

Edward Padian, care Frank Gannon, Supt. Mails Office, General Post Office, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Jack B. Palmer, East Avenue, Pittsford, N. Y.

Edmund F. Pearn, 205 Taffe Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Roy I. Philp, 8 Cayuga Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Otto H. Plagens, Kurten, Tex.

Roland H. Playfair, care Curtice Bros. Co., Rochester, N. Y.

James A. Porcari, 391 Front Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

Fred H. Prim, 1034 Millman Street, Peoria, Ill.

James P. Quackenbush, Fultonville, N. Y.

James W. Reid, 242 Blaine Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

Philip L. Reitz, 48 Tuxedo Place, Buffalo, N. Y.

Floyd A. Riley, Westfield, N. Y.

Bert J. Rogers, Fulton, N. Y.

Samuel J. Rosenthal, 1026 Hoe Avenue, New York City.

Leigh Rumbold, 153 Christiana Street, North Tonawanda, N. Y.

Orlando Rumbold, 102 Clinton Street, Tonawanda, New York.

John B. Rumney, Elizabethtown, N. Y.

Napoleon Saladiner, Bryan, Tex.

Frank Savage, Skidmore, Tex.

Ralph W. Schenken, 313 West Forty-first Street, Austin, Tex.

William H. Schwalb, 92 Portland Avenue, Rochester, New York.

Roy H. Scoby, Wills Point, Tex.

Sylvester G. Shafer, 11 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.

John H. Simone, 105 Court Street, Newark, N. J.

Philip Sittel, 358 West Fifty-third Street, New York City.

HISTORY OF COMPANY C

David A. Slaughter, 805 Front Street, Orange, Tex.

Henry J. Slezak, 117 Zenner Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Joseph Smith, San Antonio, Tex.

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New York.

Wallace C. Speers, 345 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Werner Spitz, 674 Linden Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Frank S. Spitzig, 148 Riley Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Henry H. Steacy, 133 East Philadelphia Street, York,
Pennsylvania.

James W. Sutton, Lima, Tex.

David W. Tennant, 650 Main Street, Hartford, Conn.

John H. Thomas, 458 East 169th Street, Bronx, N. Y.

Joseph Thompson, Beeville, Tex.

Frank Treshman, 101 Lott Avenue, Woodhaven, N. Y.

Patrick R. Troy, 119 Windsor Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ernest G. Unger, Lincoln Park, N. Y.

Cortes G. Vaillant, Little Valley, N. Y.

Samuel Verhow, East Williamson, N. Y.

Ernest L. VerDow, Webster, N. Y.

Harold K. Walker, 435 Hawley Street, Rochester,
New York.

Joseph J. Weis, Renova, Pa.

Fred Weissert, 9603 Avenue M, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Elbert F. Wilcox, Kent, N. Y.

Albert W. White, 200 Jay Street, Albany, N. Y.

Arthur G. Whitham, 9 Travers Avenue, Mamaroneck,
New York.

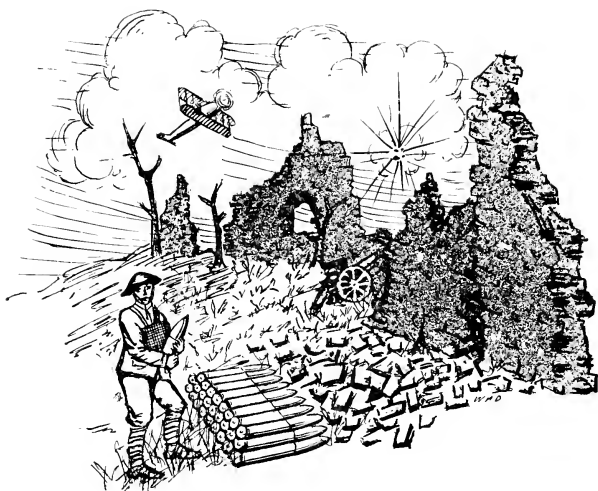
Leonard R. Wichowski, 165 Sobieski Street, Buffalo,
New York.

Clyde W. Wright, Byers, Tex.

Louis J. Zimmer, Woodman Road, Rochester, N. Y.

Mrs. Carl J. Glass, wife of Carl J. Glass, deceased,
Portville Post Office, Gordon, N. Y.

Mrs. Adra A. Banning, mother of George Banning,
deceased, 105 Meigs Street, Rochester, N. Y.





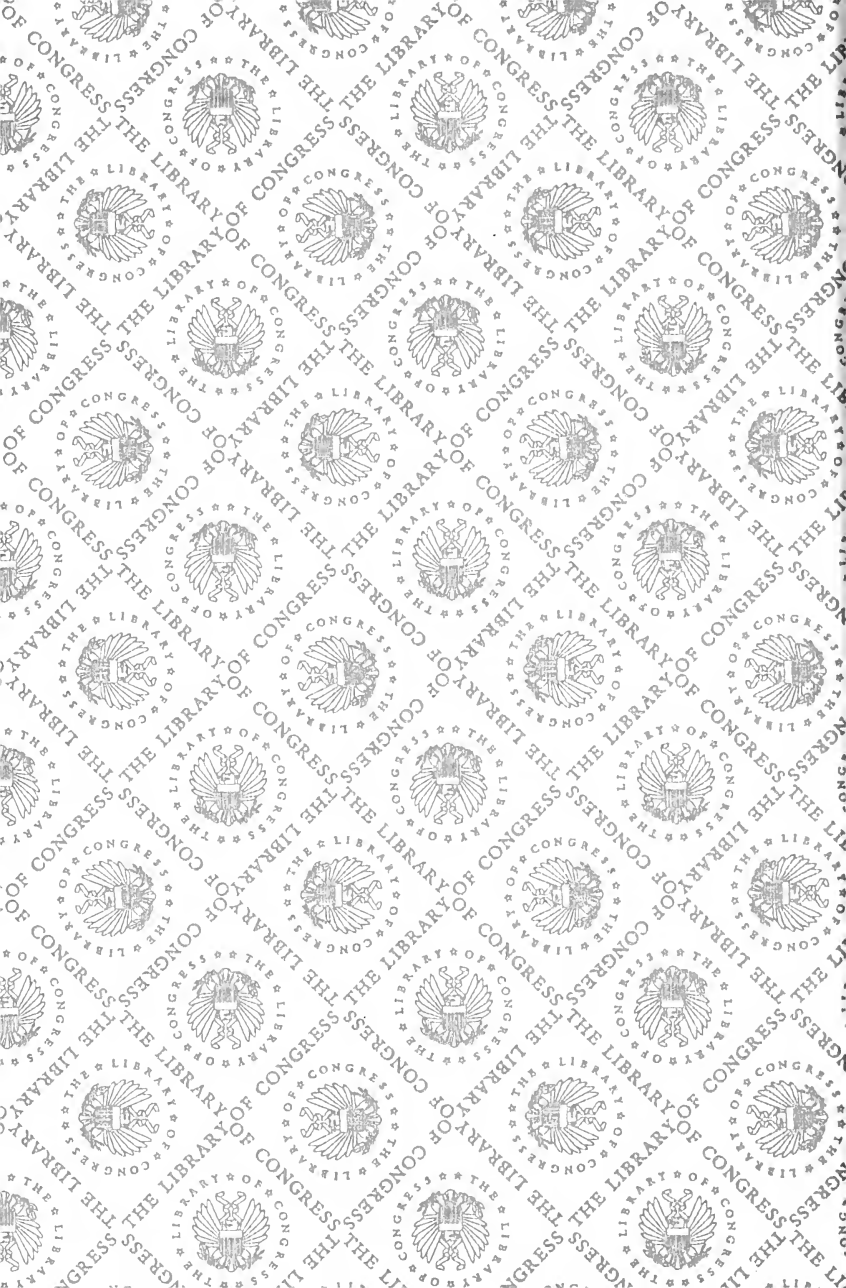




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